MOHAMMED, THE LAST PROPHET.

"BEWARE OF FALSE PROPHETS, WHICH COME TO YOU IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING, BUT INWARDLY THEY ARE RAVENING WOLVES."

St. Matt. vii. 15.

BY

ABSALOM D. SHABAZ, Oriental Messenger,
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PREFACE.

In March, 1890, although young in Christian experience, I began my work to deliver God's message to the Mohammedans of Persia.

The field is great. The workers are few. It is my earnest prayer that all Christian brethren may unite together in prayer to bring the lost ones into the flock of Jesus. Mohammedanism is a great foe against Christian work. The foundation of our rock is love; and by this love we must bring the lost ones to the knowledge of the Gospel.

A. D. SHABAZ.

Chicago, March, 1900.

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Mohammed, The Last Prophet.

CHAPTER I.

SHORT SKETCH OF LIFE.

I am a Syrian by birth, native of Persia, from the district of Aderbajan, city of Oroomiah. I was born July 15th, 1874. I spent my early life at home, under the care of my parents and two Christian grandmothers. I had my education in the colleges of the Presbyterians and Episcopalians.

In the eighteenth year of my age I received Christ as my Saviour. Thereafter I fought against my will to do what would please God and man. Often the words of Solomon rang in my ears:

"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," but it was hard for me to depart from evil friendship. On the other hand, I was anxious to make a man of myself and to lead a better life. After great struggle and labor, I put my trust in God in prayer, asking him to give me a pure heart, and help me to lead a new life, and help me to be a true man, for the sake of my Saviour Jesus Christ. I desired to enlarge the multitude of his servants, and bring souls into His kingdom of glory.

I took this new Master for the rest of my life. He called me not only servant, but friend, brother, part-

ner—to share with all He had, and dwell with Him in the beautiful mansions of our Father. He called me brother, and gave His own life to save me from cruel hands of enemies. I shed tears for my brother who was killed for you and me; but he kissed me, and said, "I died for you; give me thy heart, and do my will; will you do it, my friend?" I promised to do His will; then He asked me to take care of His sheep and lambs.

Before I started on my mission, I struggled hard until I found peace and was willing to be a witness for His name. I told my parents and friends that I was going to leave and do my Brother's will. They did not understand me; nor would they listen to me. I told them I would serve my new Master, and do what He wanted me to do. Then I gave my time to study of the Koran and other religious books of the Persians. I knew fairly well the country and the ways of the natives. I could speak their language pretty well. It was my earnest desire to work for the Mohammedans, and bring them into the light of the Gospel. I was sure many would leave their idle hopes and obey Christ if they only had the privilege of hearing the Word of Life. I also knew that many were anxious to receive Christ as their Saviour, and I believed many souls could be saved if only they could hear the voice of the Almighty. I was certain too that a great many would stand against my work, and that I would meet hard times, storms, hunger, wild animals, wicked people, and many troubles; but I said that only the end of my life would keep me from going. I heard many speak against me. Numbers of them tried to win my heart, but in vain. There were few to sympathize with me on my dangerous undertaking. There were none to comfort me, but the words of the Father,

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," gave me sufficient strength and power.

I tried my best to comfort my parents and friends in the last few days of my stay at home. At last the hour came when I must say good-by. We felt that we might never meet again. They mourned for their only son. The tears were rolling down their cheeks. My silver-haired grandmother was kneeling on the ground, with her arms toward heaven, crying for help. I closed my eyes, so as not to see beloved friends, but my heart shook with sadness; a garment of sorrow covered my soul. Yet the words of my Father rang again in my ears, and I set myself out for the work which I had undertaken.

Reaching the caravan, I found all the travelers were Mohammedans except myself. There were about fifty in number. Some had horses, camels and mules. There was music, singing and shouting. A mile ahead could be heard the noise of the great bells ringing, which were hanging on the necks of our animals. In the evening every man smoked his opium, and acted according to their custom. I sat still, deep in thought, trying to decide what it was my duty to do for such people. I knew it was dangerous for me to speak of the Christian religion. A few days passed by in this way. One evening I knelt down with a broken heart and prayed to God to give me strength and guidance to win these poor souls for Christ. On the following day, with a trembling heart, I spóke to one of the men. He did not get angry, although he was not interested in my conversation. Again and again I prayed for Divine help:

"Lord, Thou knowest these people do not follow Thee. Thou knowest they have never heard the sweet

name of Jesus. Also Thou knowest it is my earnest desire to bring them into the knowledge of thy truth. Father, give me Thy power that I may not fear him who killeth the body."

After a time I spoke to several of the party. Nearly all knew now what it was in my heart to do. Many times they came and asked me questions on the Christian religion. I spoke to them the truth as I had learned it from the Scriptures. Sometimes they did not like my speech, and with knives in their hands they rushed toward me to take my life. I spoke fearlessly and gently, and tried to win their rough hearts, until some one from their number would tell them that I was not deserving of such punishment. Then one by one they would walk aside, and I was rescued from what seemed certain death. I told them I was not afraid of death, because I knew I would be saved, but that they would have to answer if they shed my innocent blood. Although some of them seemed to be friendly, yet I knew my life was not safe in their hands. I cast the seed of righteousness in their hearts, but my talks seemed to harden my companions against me. Whenever we passed a rocky place, they wanted to throw me down; often as we crossed rivers they tried to throw me in the water, but somehow I escaped safely from their hands.

The people in the interior were innocent, but cruel. They had never had any kind of education. Very few knew anything about God. They lived among the rocky mountains of Persia. Their houses were under ground—men, women and cattle living in the same dug-out. They ate and slept under the same roof. There was no comfort or peace, but everywhere was sin and misery. Human beings seemed like wild beasts.

They were ready to kill for very little. We spent nights in their homes—sheep, horses, oxen and men all sleeping in one circle. I visited families and groups of people, and had a good opportunity to do my work. There was not so much danger for me, as people knew nothing much of religion. My talk seemed strange to them at first, but they soon understood me, and I taught them the right way. Many were pleased to hear me speak the name of God. Some listened to me and obeyed God. A good many promised not to steal or kill, but to be true and honest. They felt sorry when I left, and asked me to pray for them, that God would forgive them. I felt happy and satisfied because I had tried to sow good seed; and I departed with rejoicing in my soul, and more spirit and hope to continue my work further on.

As we drew near large towns, my companions seemed gentle and sociable, but when we were out in the country they were rough and acted cruelly toward me. At Salmas, Tabses, Zangan and Kasben, principal cities of the district, I met a few missionaries doing the same work as myself. Progress must be slow, for it is more difficult to meet with success in large towns. In these cities there is a good opportunity to work for the Syrians and Armenians. The leaders of the Mohammedans are strongly opposed to Christian work, and will not allow any one to preach the Gospel in public, nor even in private, if it becomes known to them. Through all the district I met very few who confessed Christ as their Saviour.

At length we came to Teheran, the capital of Persia, where I departed from my companions, and secured a place to do my work in that great city. I remained there nearly two years, and had good success

in my work. I found very many of the Armenians, as well as the Mohammedans, who were friendly. Quite a number of young men were led to believe in God. The Mohammedans often attempted to break up our meetings, yet we lived happy lives together. In our prayer meetings we felt a spirit of happiness in our souls, even though we were in danger of troubles.

In that city I met Fakr Leslam (the crown of Mohammedanism), whom they call second Mohammed, and who is the greatest foe to Christianity that has come in these last centuries. I saw the book which he has written against the Bible, and found it difficult to answer his objections to Christianity. He is endeavoring to stop all Bible work for his nation. I was interested in him because he was of my relatives. He, however, accepted Mohammedanism when he was a child, and has since worked faithfully for the advancement of that religion. We often talked together, and I told him openly that he was in danger of the everlasting fire. Once he asked me if Christ would forgive him if he turned in his last days. I said it might be too late—why not now? You know you are doing wrong; but it was hard for him to accept the Way of Life. I am hoping yet that God may break his will and bring him under the Cross of Jesus. He is strong in his work against Christianity, and I am sure if he becomes changed he will be strong for Christ. Through his influence I was made acquainted with many priests and royal members. Wherever I visited I tried to win their hearts. I told them it was my duty to speak the truth, and I knew I was doing right, and asked them why they were not doing right. This they did not like, but they showed little uneasi-

ness. If they believed, they were afraid to deny their untrue prophet.

One day several of the priests and myself were in the same carriage going out of the city. At the end of the journey the priest nearest to me was angry and unpleasant. I asked him what was the matter, and he told me it was because my clothes touched his; that his prayers would not be answered because I was a Christian and made him unclean. I tried my best to turn their views, and they tried just as hard to get me to change mine and to believe in Mohammed. I told them I could not trust in my enemy. Thereafter I gave up the priest business, because it was too hard on me, and I could not make their dull hearts turn to the Christian life.

On this same day the Shah of Persia was shot on his way to Shah Abdelazem (great in Kings). The murderer was found and punished according to the Persian law, by having his hands put in iron cages, and his body cut so badly that he died in a few days, after most horrible suffering. While in the city I visited many national places. The natives thought I was one of them, and this gave me opportunity to know about national worship and native life, which I have described fully farther in the book. I learned all about the law and government, and social and home life. I also gave attention to their schools and educational institutions, and this helped me in my work.

I left Teheran June 23, 1894, for the district of Koasestan. It was so exceedingly hot that we rested in the open hills, beside the springs of water, which give pleasure to the stranger, drink to the cattle and birds and life to the natives, but above all, which taught me to remember the Creator of all nature.

Amid these beautiful surroundings my troubles began to continue. In the daytime was weariness and cruel companions; at night time, I was filled with fears, and struggled for peace and safety; but I gave my life in the hands of Jesus, and was willing to die if it was His will, or to live that He might use me for His work. Therefore I kept on just as before. Wherever I met natives I spoke to them cheerful words of the Gospel. If I met an educated man, I gave him a copy of the New Testament. During six months I did my work happily and carefully in each town or village that we passed.

The journey gave me experience and knowledge and opportunity to learn more of the country and people. After visiting many places that I desired to see, I returned again to visit Adarbajan. The ground was now covered with snow. Instead of grass and flowers there was only to be seen leafless and bare trees. All the pleasures and sights of summer days had passed by—sunshine, songsters, beautiful fruits and herbs—instead of a sunny day, there were now the winds and cold of winter. The frosty stillness of the winter day gave us fear as we drew near the cold rocks and snowy mountains. Far as we could see in the distance there were pleasant days, and groups of natives and pleasant caravans of passengers were seen passing. But we were high in the snow mountains. Our party was composed of six men who had their horses to help us through the snow. Two men and myself stopped at a small hotel near by for refreshments; others took care of our animals, and moved on slowly. After about an hour we marched to catch our caravan, which was behind a hill and out of sight, although we could hear the bells ringing. Alas, in a few minutes a snow storm

swept over the road. We kept as close together as we could in order to keep in the right direction, but could not do so. We tried as best we could to find our way, crying for help, but there were none to hear us. We made up our minds to keep together. Wet and cold and tired, we walked as fast as we could over the hills and through valleys. We were not only suffering from the cold, but it was so dark and misty that we were unable to see but a few yards ahead of us.

We struggled for many hours, till at last there was no strength left in our feet, and I could not go further. I told my companions to keep on going till they found a village or inn, then send after me; otherwise, I would die there, and they somewhere else. I tried my best to keep myself warm in the snow, but it did not seem possible to take any comfort. After I had suffered thus for five or six hours, I began to feel chill and dry, and almost lost hope of life; even my lips were frozen, and I was unable to speak a word. In my heart, however, I continued to pray:

"God be merciful to me a sinner. Save my life to labor in thy field; not because I wish to live for myself, but that I may bring those poor souls into thy kingdom. Father, thy will be done, not mine."

Again and again I comforted my heart in saying my prayer. At last I heard footsteps and men talking; but I had no strength to cry for help. They, however, came near enough to see me in my living grave, and pulled me up and tied me on a horse and carried me to their home. I was not able to speak, eat nor walk for several days. They frequently offered me opium to smoke, but I refused, as I had not smoked for two years before that time; and my life and soul had not been saved to be its slave. They told me it was the

best cure for a cold, and that if I did not smoke I would die, but I told them I knew what it was, as I had experience with it before; and even if I did die, I would not use it again. As they did not believe in doctors, there was none to attend me. But God helped me, and in a few weeks I could eat and talk and go 'round just as good as any of them. I remained with these people until I felt real strong again.

I have never heard from our missing friends and their animals, and do not know whether they are dead or alive. We could get no horses in the village, but had to walk all the way to a larger town to look for friends. The next day we walked from morning till night, and I nearly lost all my strength; my feet were especially tender and sore. On the following day we sent one of our companions to bring horses while we remained, but he never came back, although we waited for him for several days. From that time till to-day I have never trusted Mohammedans. They will say one thing while with you, and soon after will do what they please. Two of us were left alone among strangers. They did not know that I was a Christian, and never asked me who I was, or what my business was; otherwise, had they known me, they would have left me outside the house in the cold and snow, or would have killed me because I ate and drank from their dishes. Because of the deceit of our companion we had to walk to the nearest town for horses. We walked from early morning till evening, and it did not seem as if we were near any village. Because of hunger and cold we quickened our speed in order to find a place to stay over night. We ran, but saw only ourselves passing narrow turnings of rocks and deep snow. My friend became so weary that he sat down and would

not let me go any further. He could not speak at all, but I could see tears rolling from his eyes. I knew he was crying because he did not want to be left alone to be food for wild animals. His hands fell lifeless beside his body, and he stretched himself on the frosty snow, and with a heavy sigh he went into eternity. I gave another sad look at the man who had died in front of my eyes, and it gave me deep regret that his soul had gone and he had not known the salvation of God, and his soul was to live in the lake of fire with satan and his angels.

I left the lifeless body in order to save my life, if possible. It did not seem to me that there was any feeling in my feet; even on my eyelashes there were chunks of ice. I ran up and down the hills till I could feel the blood moving in my body. As I was turning a narrow corner I saw two wolves, one on each side of the road. A sudden fear shook my heart; a mist of darkness covered my sight; my hair almost stood straight from fear; I shouted and screamed, but they looked at me eagerly. There seemed no hope for me in such a winter night. I opened my heart to Divine Assistance to save my body from the wild beasts. They stood still and looked at me, as much as to say, "There is no need for you to cry. We will do what we please." Suddenly one jumped to the other side. I at once crossed the road and ran to the hill. They accompanied me, throwing snow in my face. Sometimes they were in front of me; then they would fall behind, only to run for me again. I almost lost my life; but the Lord who saved Daniel from the lions saved me from the wolves. Through His mercy they did not touch me, although they came so near that they almost jumped on me. They seemed to be whet-

ting their appetites. After some time in this perilous condition, I ran until I saw a light from a window a few yards ahead of me; but it seemed so far in the dark night of fear. When I reached the house a man opened the door, and I entered filled with joy and fear, and fell in a dead faint and was unconscious until the next morning. When I recovered consciousness, they asked me about my friend, for they said I had talked about him all night. A little later in the day another traveler brought my friend, dead. They buried him according to their law. Following this, I had days of pain. My heavy traveling boots had steamed and half cooked my feet. My face and hands were pealing. After three days, they took me to the village inn—their home for rest. Now I had another three days' journey to the large town, and they sent a man to take care of me, and a horse upon which I could ride. My flesh was too tender to stand the cold and wind, which was made the greater by riding, so I had to walk all the way. The sun shone so brightly on the snow that my eyes became weaker and weaker, hour after hour, till I could see but darkness. I suffered with pain and blindness for a few days. I knew my friends only by their voices. Now I had good opportunity for doctors, and was glad to stay with my Syrian friends in order that I might receive a doctor's treatment. When I recovered, I departed for my own home. My parents hardly knew me because of the hardships which I had endured during the past three years. The love of dear ones and the comforts of home gave me natural health and strength within a short time, and I almost forgot the troubles through which I had passed.

Then my friends came to me, saying that if I had

obeyed them, I would not have seen all the troubles that I had endured during the past three years. They had heard that I was dead long ago. I told them I would do the same thing again; that to obey God was better than to please man, and that I had heard God's call, and wherever I was—at home, among savages, or abroad—I would do what my Master wanted me to do through all my life. I could not serve the world and God, but must be on one side. I had tested the world's life, and found it did not suit very well. God's path of righteousness is to carry my cross on my back; hardships and troubles may come at any time, but I will walk in the narrow way, although I may have steep hills to pass. I will also remember that no flesh and blood can enter the Kingdom of Heaven; and if any one loves the heavenly kingdom more than this earth, he must deny all, and confess Christ to his fellowmen. I told them I would follow the right way, and invited them all to accompany me. If they would not do so, I said I would close my ears and would not hear their call to me to return unto the world. I knew I was doing right. My message to the world was to obey God and follow in His footsteps. I remained in the world to do good; otherwise I was a fruitless tree, and ought to be cut down and not waste good ground, but allow a useful tree to be planted in my stead. Whenever I hear that my fellowmen are in need or trouble, I must show my Christian love to them; if I do not, my love is dead, and my heart is dull, my ears are heavy, and my whole system is good for nothing—above all, my soul is lost.

The sad news which now had come from Armenia and Turkey gave me a sad heart. I heard of 60,000 Armenians killed by Turks—men, women and chil-

dren—some of them looking while their loved ones were shot and slain in front of their eyes; brave-hearted men had shed their last drop of blood to save their aged parents; wives and little ones had been separated by the cruel sword of ungodly Mohammedans, and there was none to hear the pitiful cries of the friendless creatures who were dying, while the women and girls were saved to be slaves to sin and wickedness. Some were pulled out from houses of worship and killed in the streets; some who had left their homes and families to save their own lives were brought out and met the same death. Armed soldiers marched through the streets with guns and swords in their hands to stab and shoot any that tried to escape with their lives. Houses were set on fire, and death and destruction were on every side. No one could write of the woe of broken-hearted families; the cruelty and shame were more than one could write on paper; sight of it only could tell all the mournful feelings of the dying people. We can know something of their troubles from those who are refuged in our own country—orphans, homeless and strangers, almost unable to keep body and soul together. Only a mother who has dear ones in a strange country can have full sympathy for these strangers.

When the Persians heard that there was no punishment for the Turks, they tried to do the same things, and to kill some of the people at Aderbajan. Awful actions came before our notice. The Persians grew in power and cruelty more and more. One day a band of armed men in the city of Oroomiah drew near a Syrian merchant, with open knives in their hands, pulled the young man from his house, tied a rope around his feet, and drew him from street to street,

his head banging from stone to stone on the hard pavement, while he was bleeding and crying; still the rough-hearted men kept pulling the rope, till the poor man was killed in the street. The dead body was thrown outside the city, where it lay for several days in the dirt and water, because no one dared to take charge of it. At last the broken-hearted wife and mother buried the body of him whom they loved so well. Akajan Kan was slain because he witnessed the love of Jesus to his fellowmen. He was a brave soldier for his Master, and during the last hour of his life he lifted his eyes toward heaven for a welcome to come and rest with Jesus forever more, where there would be no tears and sorrows through all eternity; but he would receive a golden crown which would be sparkling with glory, and would wear the white robes of the angels, and sing the sweet songs of the inhabitants of the golden streets of the new Jerusalem.

Dear reader, why not you be a witness for Jesus? Remember Solomon's words, saying, "Life is like the span, alive to-day, but might be dead to-morrow." Then you and I must hear the voice of the Almighty in the day of judgment. Alas, if we are light in the scales of righteousness, then shall we cry for the mountains to fall on us, and the earth to open her mouth to swallow us up, that we may not see the face of Him who sits upon the throne of glory, to judge every man according to his acts in the world. There will not be any hope then, but we shall have to be thrown into the lake of fire and be punished for our wickedness, and dwell with satan and his black angels. Why not leave our wicked ways and deny ourselves while on earth? We need also to remember that we are strangers on the earth, and that heaven should

be our home. Let us obey God and keep His commandments, then shall we see Him face to face.

The sudden death of a nobleman gave fear to all Christian citizens and in the city only a few Christians were to be seen on the streets; the rest kept in their houses. Inasmuch as there was no punishment for the murderers, the Mohammedans found more power, and did what they pleased with the helpless Christians. Soon after another band of armed men marched to take a young man who had turned from Mohammedanism to Christianity. They took him from place to place. The foreign missionaries tried to save him, but it was in vain. In the last day of his life, he stood in a crowd and said:

"I do not believe in Mohammed, but in Christ. He is my Saviour, therefore I am not afraid of death, nor of all who are against me. I will suffer in a few minutes from your hands, but will live with God forever."

Soldiers dressed in red took him outside and cut his neck for the sake of righteousness.

On a bright summer day twelve ministers and bishops were returning from their visit to Mar Shamon (the bishop of Aderbajan), between Persian and Turkish borders, when Kurds fell upon them and cut them in pieces, and they were left in the mountains for several days, no one knowing of the action. At length some passengers saw them and sent word to Oroomiah. It was a dreadful sight that they saw; mothers and wives were unable to recognize their sons and husbands; the sorrow was more than my pen can describe. From north, south, east and west could be heard pitiful cries of those who had lost dear ones; but the Mohammedans shook their spears eagerly against all who would not worship their heart's image, striving to

overrule all races and nations who do not follow their prophet.

Amidst these dreadful fears, I left my home for Russia and Europe, to study and learn more in order that I might prepare myself for my work, which I had promised to do the rest of my life. On my way through Kordistan and Aderbajan, I met groups of homeless Armenians who had left Turkey to save their lives; their friends had been shot and killed, or were left in prison, or else had been unable to cross the border into other countries. I also saw hungry and naked Nestorians leaving their homes in groups.

I quote the following from a leaflet by Rev. W. A. Shedd:

"Within six months, from 5,000 to 10,000 Christian subjects of Turkey have crossed the border into Persia, in the district of Oroomiah, of every age and sex. They are naked, penniless and hungry. Each day bands of 50, 100 and 300 cross the borders, and each band tells of others who will follow. Each day brings the winter's cold nearer, and reduces the stock of provisions in the hands of their fellow-Christians here. The suffering is daily becoming more acute. The sights that meet our eyes are pitiful in the extreme. Our doors are thronged with hungry, ragged, starving people, whose conditions defies description. Little children almost naked in the cold wintry air appeal irresistibly to our sympathies. The Christian villages are crowded with these refugees begging bread. They come from the settlements of the Marbishu Valley, Gawar, Ishtazin, Jilu, Diz and from the regions of the Upper Zab, Boslikala and Tieri. The majority are Nestorians, but among them are several hundreds of Armenians.

"The total Christian population of this region is not less than 20,000, two-thirds of whom are practically homeless, and the remainder in imminent danger of being driven from their villages. Another year like the last must entirely depopulate the whole of these regions of Christians. Hence the absolute necessity of immediate relief being given in food, clothing and helpful direction.

"The Nestorian population in Turkey has two divisions. One nucleus is formed by the independent tribes of Tieri, Tichoma, Baz and Jilu, numbering about 50,000 souls, living in the most rugged valley of Kurdistan (ancient Adiabene). Outside these almost inaccessible mountains lies the other nucleus of about 50,000 Nestorians, with a few Armenians scattered amongst them in the smaller valleys and plains, stretching into the Vilayet of Van. In the same region, and surrounding the whole, live a vastly larger number of the Kurdish tribes. Kurdish robbery has been allowed a free hand, and on the scattered communities there have been constant raids, and oppressive taxation, without protection, which has ruined the country. Village after village has been depopulated. Twenty years ago the Christians of Gawar were famed for their wealth in fields and cattle. To-day their headmen are beggars. Not a single word or act of rebellion, not even an over-zealous revolutionary spirit, can be urged as an excuse for this fearful oppression.

"Cold and famine are now forcing the Christians to leave their homes. Many have fled by night, over unfrequented roads, to avoid the frontier guards stationed there to force them back to certain death by starvation. Even their flight has become a source of profit to the Kurds, who, for a consideration, engage to conduct

them across the border, and then, on parting, rob them of everything worth taking, sending them on their way naked, cold and hungry. Yet with all this thousands are escaping, in spite of the wild mountain tracks, covered with snow, difficult to find and difficult to keep. In spite of the cruelty they are subjected to, and the winter cold, with scanty food, sleeping in the open or in the sheepfolds, they reach us, with nothing but the few rags that are left to them.

"The people have escaped from Turkish rule with their lives. The Christians here will share with them their own scanty stores of food. They will shelter them till sheds and stables will hold no more. The Persian Government receive them without prejudice, but do not aid them. They cannot be clothed or warmed without outside aid. Many must suffer from lack of food and shelter. If the number of refugees continues to increase—only the setting in of still severer weather closing all roads can prevent this—it is hard to see how they can live at all. Some of our villages on the plains of Oroomiah have already a refugee population equal to half or two-thirds of their own number. We must have an organized plan of help, and cannot afford to wait. A small sum on hand has enabled us to begin, and the work must not stop. We believe that finding work is the best aid we can give in the present distress, and suggest the following plan: (1) Helping men to pass on to Russia, where work can be had. Twelve shillings will enable a man to reach Russia. This will help men who have small families or none. (2) Aid to men who have large or very dependent families by work on public improvements here. They can earn eightpence a day. (3) Aid to women, and in less extent to men, by work in wool.

(4) Aid to special cases by grants of food or clothing. (5) By supporting children, especially orphans, in the schools. Two pounds will clothe and support one child for the winter, and twice the sum for a year."

I saw hundreds of Syrians coming from Russia to their native land of Persia. Some had been robbed and killed and left lifeless in the rocky mountains and in the valleys; others were running toward home, having been robbed of their belongings, the bread of the anxious wives had been taken from their hands, and they were left penniless and hungry. All these cruelties were done to those poor creatures by selfish Mohammedans who were unwilling to work for a living, but were eager to rob widows and orphans of the very bread that was given to them by kind friends.

Wherever it was difficult for us to pass the hilly country, we paid soldiers to guide us over the rough parts. At last we found ourselves under the Russian Government. Then we felt easy. Our dangers had passed by, although in some parts of Russia we were in some danger. Thereafter I left my companions to travel alone. The cities near Persia and Turkey are inhabited by different nations, and the Mohammedans have not the liberty to act as they please, but are punished at once if they do wrong. They can only act in such a cruel manner in their own country, but must behave themselves in foreign countries.

As I drew near the central part of Russia, I came to the large towns of Keive, Moscow, etc., where the most of the inhabitants are Russians. The men are light complexioned and large; although in some parts of the country the climate does not seem to agree with them. The women are stronger, consequently they have the hard work to do. The law requires that

strangers must have a passport, and by this he can go through all parts of the country. This passport gives a description of the man, who he is, what his business is, etc., and if he does not have it, he is liable to be cast into prison as soon as they find him out.

I visited a good many places in that country and learned a little of their ways of living. I found the Russians are great beer drinkers. I did not associate very much with the natives, because I could not speak their language well. I traveled a great deal, and was robbed before I left the country.

A short time after leaving Russia I started for Hamburg to visit my friends there. It was difficult for me to remain because I could not speak the language. During my brief stay there I learned a little of the natives, and found they were not like the Russians in any way.

But I did not stay there long, and was soon under the English flag in the great city of London. At first I could not speak any English, but after a short time I learned to speak and read and write. I lived a happy life during the two years and a half of my stay with my English friends. There I met Rev. F. B. Meyer, Mr. W. R. Jones, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A.; Rev. W. A. Wilson and Mr. A. Noel, who was my schoolmaster. Mr. J. H. Idle and his family were very kind to me. I had the pleasure of visiting Westminster Abbey, the wonderful building of the British and Foreign Bible Society, where are found Bibles in all the languages of the world, the British Museum, etc., etc. After enjoying all the sights of Great Britain, I departed for America, and landed in Canada, and from there came to the free country of the United States. As heaven and earth are different in looks, so is Amer-

ica from Asia. Mohammedanism, ruler of cruelty, is there; justice and peace, above all, is here.

In all my lonely life, traveling nearly half way round the globe, it has been my desire all the time to grow in knowledge of the Scripture. I have pressed my Bible tightly on my breast, praying to God to give me the help of His strength to carry the message of His free salvation to those millions over there.

THOSE MILLIONS OVER THERE.

They wait, those millions over there;
Our hope in Christ they do not share;
    They wait for us to come.
Their time of waiting seems so long
For those who wait without a song
    To bless their cheerless home.

They weep, those millions over there!
Our joy in Christ they do not share;
    They weep in nameless grief.
Shall we not wipe their tears away?
Shall we not turn their night to day?
    Shall we not bring relief?

They die, those millions over there;
Our life in Christ they do not share;
    They die in sin and shame.
While Christ hath died to save them all,
And yearns to save whoe'er may call
    On his sweet, blessed name.

For those dear millions over there
Heav'n's richest gifts might fully share;
    Glad trophies they might win.

Could they but see the Saviour's face;
Could they but share our Saviour's grace,
They'd triumph over sin.

But those sad millions over there
Our hope in Christ may never share,
But be forever lost,
Should we withhold the precious word
Of him whose message glad we've heard,
Who saves at priceless cost.

Then help those millions over there
The bread of heaven, sweet, to share;
God's sweetest message give—
That sin's sad end is not the grave;
That Jesus died our souls to save;
He died that we might live.

CHAPTER II.

ANCIENT MEDIA AND PERSIA.

It seems wise to join Media and Persia together in history; first, because both races of these countries were from one root; second, because even though Media and Persia were separate kingdoms for a short time, yet Media was swallowed up by Persia. Both these races settled in the higher grounds of Zagros mountains in ancient Persia, where they dwelt until 800 B. C., when they located in the hilly parts of Media and Persia, and first became known by Dorians about 710 B. C.

Sargon, the king of the Dorians, took part of Media and gave places to the Jews who were taken captives by the Atorians from the cities of Samaria. The Dorians could not keep the Medians under their government. They grew in power and raised a mighty kingdom under their own king, Cyaxares, 633 B. C. He was a victorious king and destroyed Ninevah 625 B. C. Then he enlarged his kingdom to the west of Asia Minor. His son Astyage, however, was unable to keep his throne, and the kingdom was taken by the great king Cyrus.

In the ancient times of Media, the Persians raised themselves to a higher degree in Persia, but were still obedient to Media. While Astyage was king of Media, Cambyces, king of Persia, was given the Median princess for a wife. To them a son was born whom they named Cyrus. He used to be at his grandfather's

court as secretary to his father. Some historians say that Astyage dreamed that his nephew would rule over all Asia. Because of jealousy, he gave the child to one of his servants, Harpagos, asking him to destroy him. Harpagos gave him to a shepherd, who promised to throw him away in the mountains—a promise which he did not keep. It came to pass that the child grew in might and wisdom at the poor man's house. At last it became known to the king that the child was alive. Harpagos was punished for his unfaithfulness. His son was cooked, and he was compelled to eat his flesh; but the prince was sent safe to his father. He became king of Persia 558 B. C. After his father's death, for twenty-nine years, he enlarged his kingdom from the Hindoos to Hellespont, from the River Euphrates to the borders of Syria. Cyrus is known as one of the greatest kings of Persia; and he made his country to be one of the most powerful kingdoms of his time. Cambyses, his son, took his place after he died. Cambyses was jealous of his brother Smardis, and privately killed him 525 B. C. Then he entered Egypt and acted cruelly towards Psammetieus, the king of Egypt, and made him drink poison; then he stabbed a bull calf, which was considered holy by the Egyptians. On being told by one of his servants that the people blamed him because he drank so much, he shot the son of the servant in his anger.

In that time Goomates showed himself in the image of the dead prince Smardis. When Cambyses heard it he returned back in haste. He died on his way. Some say that he took his own life; others say he was killed 525 B. C.

Darius Hystaspes, governor of one of the states of Persia and a member of the royal family, raised a band of armed men and killed Goomates because he was not a member of the royal family. Hystaspes took the throne in 541 B. C. After Cyrus he was the most powerful king. He divided the kingdom into twenty counties and placed governors over each. These governors were called satraps. Up to this time the natives had to pay heavy taxes, but Hystaspes fixed certain rules, and became acquainted with all the country, arranging a certain service by which he could send and receive messages quickly.

We have learned of the Medians and Persians, that they are from the same root, although the Persians were purer than the Medians. The word Persian means noble. We first learn of them in history as brave and temperate, not fond of dress and pleasures. From olden times the Persians were disciples of the Dorians and the Babylonians. They learned much from the Babylonians, and soon became their teachers. The chief samples of their ancient work were the ancient graves and temples, which were found many years after by King Persepolis. Another thing of which the Persians were proud was the bravery of their soldiers. They also had a pure religion and worshipped God; but after they mingled with the Egyptians and other nations they lost their purity, and followed other gods, such as Ormuzd and Ahriman, images of light and darkness as well as other kinds of worship of the Medians. To worship fire, they built fire altars in high mountains, and kept them burning day and night. They said that fire was light from heaven; therefore they had to watch it and keep its flames as high as they could all the time. Even until

today the hills of ashes are witnesses to their ancient worship.

There is no doubt but that Persians were known in olden history; but there are few records concerning them except those in the Zendravesta, which contains the holy books of Persia, and was prepared by Zoroaster, the well-known man and master of religious teachings of Persia. We can also learn more from another book written by Firdusi, the chief poet of Persia, which was found soon after Christ. We can learn much concerning these two nations in the history of the world, and also from the Old Testament. I think, however, it will be more interesting to my readers to know something of the story of Mohammedanism, for we must remember that after Mohammed, all the ancient law and teachings are abandoned and his teachings only are thought to be true. From his birth a new history with a new leader began for the Mahommedans.

CHAPTER III.

MOHAMMED AND THE KORAN.

About five hundred years after Christ, a new religious leader appeared who was called Mohammed. He was a merchant in his early days, and traveled through the entire country of Persia. In this way he came to know nearly all the prominent men in the kingdom. Much of his time was given to reading and study of all the manuscripts that he could get. Under the care of Persian teachers he grew in knowledge and understanding, and this brought him to a higher plane of living. Then he became acquainted with a Syrian theological student from whom he learned the Sacred Scriptures, and thus acquainted himself with the Christian religion. He knew well, too, the history of Media and Persia, together with their ancient laws.

The way in which he became a prophet is said by Syrians to be as follows: Mohammed had a sister, whom his Christian teacher wanted for his wife. According to the law, however, a Persian could not give his daughter to a Christian for a wife; nor could a Persian marry a Christian woman. Nevertheless, the Christian teacher tried his best to secure his desire. One day he said to Mohammed:

"If I will write you a book, and make you a prophet, will you give me your sister to be my wife?"

Mohammed consented to this agreement. After the book was ready, the two men agreed to meet at a certain well, the teacher going down in the well. Mo-

hammed was to take with him messengers who carried ropes. The Christian teacher said that he would not send the book in the first two which came to him, but the third rope was to contain the book.

Mohammed said to the people: God has spoken to me in a vision, that I am to be the last prophet. He has sent me a book from heaven, which is in a certain well. Come and be my witness of the truth, and bring my book up. They did as he had said, and in accordance with the promise of the teacher, the book was sent up the third time. When they saw the book they all believed him to be the true prophet. Then Mohammed said: "Whoever believeth in me to be the last prophet, and believeth in my book, let him throw a stone in that well;" so each one of them did what was asked, and the man who wrote the book was killed, without their knowing what they had done. The Syrians say that Mohammed was a wise man. He changed that book and called it his own. Mohammedans, however, say there were four books sent from God to the world: Koran, Old Testament, New Testament and Psalms. The Psalms were taken up again because no one could fulfil their teachings. The Old and New Testaments got lost on the earth; and the Koran only was left to be the only Holy Book, and Mohammed the only true prophet from God. Through him all nations will be saved.

It is not known if these sayings are true, nevertheless most people agree that Mohammed was one of the wisest men of his time, and they also believe that he wrote part of the Koran himself, and that the book was finished by some of those who followed in his teachings. The word Koran means reading, and it was read by people in every city and village.

Armed Mohammedans went in different parts of the country to find out about Mohammed's followers; all who believed in him were saved, while those who rejected him were killed. A great many received his message because of fear. There were millions of followers a few years after his death; and even to-day the Mohammedan constituency is very strong.

Mohammed himself is not so well thought of as his holy book; but the Koran is greatly honored. They say that more than seventy-seven meanings are given to each verse. The law which Mohammed gave to his people is not known to Christians, but is kept secret from them. No one dares to take the Koran in his hands until he turns to Mohammedanism.

When he was running from Maka to Madena for safety, crowds would follow him in order that they might see his appearance, even if they did not want to believe in him. It was said that women would come from all parts of the country to live with him, for they believed that if they did this they would be saved, as that was Mohammed's law, and he had hundreds of wives. If he found a woman he liked who was married, he would kill her husband and then marry her. He was cruel and selfish, but all his immorality and wickedness has been covered by his followers. Those who are most devout wear a large blue turban around their heads, and have long garments like the Pharisees hanging from their shoulders, red or green shoes upon their feet, and have red toes and fingers which they have dyed in paint. No one dares touch these people. Another class of this kind of people wear a little larger white turban around their half-shaven heads. These are proud to be the masters and teachers of religion.

From these two classes springs the spirit of jeal-

ousy among the Mohammedans, and stirs them to shed the last drop of blood to wipe out Christianity. Mohammed said: "If any man will lose his foot or arm in religious war, in the next world he will have the wings of angels instead." He also said that the sword was the key of the Kingdom of God, by it all people can meet him in heaven and have their reward. The Mohammedans have their rest day on Friday instead of Sunday. That day must be kept holy if they are anxious to see their leader face to face. The length of the year is determined by the moon; sometimes they have thirteen months; sometimes twelve; therefore their year is behind ours. Each year is placed on the image of one animal; if lucky, will set on a lamb or a mouse, etc.; if unlucky, on a spider or other insects.

Religious worship, law, government rules and home and social life are kept strictly by all the disciples of Mohammed.

CHAPTER IV.

CHIEFS IN BATTLE—DIVISION OF TRIBES.

Soon after the death of the leader, his followers separated into two groups or tribes—Soni and Shia. Soni stands for Abobaker, the first chief to take his master's place; but Shia said that Ali is the first one to take Mohammed's throne; therefore these two tribes are enemies.

Some of the chiefs from each side were killed at a religious battle, and both tribes mourn for the chiefs of its nation. This is done each year during the month of Moharam, the month of mourning.

The tribe of Shia was living under tents in the open fields in the district of Karbala to avenge the marriage of Hosen to Sacna. Both parties were from noble families of the prophet, and letters of invitation were sent to all members of their tribe according to their law. At the beginning of the wedding the streams of water were turned in opposite directions from the highest part of the country. There the tribe of Soni had settled for the summer rest. The tribes were such enemies that they would not look at each other if they met by crossing a river, or passing a narrow turning in the mountains. While the lower tribes had all their friends and chief officers of the nation all ready to join the bride's company, it was necessary for them to have water first, and they knew that meant trouble.

A band of armed men marched toward the upper part for water. On their way the enemies met in a

low plain between the hills, and this meant battle. It is said that the blood of the men who were killed raised to cover the horses' feet. The loss was very heavy on both sides. A few who were left from Shia returned to their tents, trembling from fear, and they knew that agony was at hand. Each man flew to the hills and mountains for safety. Women and children were left homeless, unable to run away, but were a prey for their enemies.

At that time all the district of Karabala was under the supervision of Soni. Shia and his followers had a few armed men unable to protect their lives even if they flew away. These are the names of some which have suffered and died in Shia:

Hosen was the oldest of all chiefs and is called Abraham Kalel Aola, the friend of God. It is said that he was holy and perfect and the third prophet after Mohammed. Ali, he is called in many different names, as the father of the faithful, etc., the holiest chief after the leader, and his son-in-law. All Mohammedans believe he has power with God, and could protect his people from everlasting fire; they also believe that he is always among them, although not seen. He will be seen unto all at his second coming, and will save his people from punishment.

Abas, the cousin of Ali, is the bravest and strongest chief among his people. His noble look, black eyes and curly hair turned the angry men so they did not lay their hands upon him. He was, however, slain because he stood against another tribe. It was said that there was no horse to bear his weight, nor any sword that would fit his hand, except his own, which he possessed during his life. He was one of the chiefs,

although he was not humble like the others, only brave at heart.

Akpar, the son of Resa, the youngest chief, was growing to be one of the religious leaders, but was slain. Thus the cord was broken from his life, and he was unable to enter the service of him to whom he was called.

Hasan, the son of Hosen, was the man of wisdom and understanding who was not willing to accept a higher position which was offered to him. He was humble and gentle during his life, and most of the Mohammedans are proud of him, because he is true in all his words. He is not honored, however, because he did not accept the higher position.

Resa, the third chief after Hasan, was a faithful believer in all who had come before him, and was strict in religion, but was not strong in body. He was a man of troubles and zeal who was not afraid of death, because he had the power of death under his hands. It has been said that he had spiritual knowledge of coming events. The Mohammedans are all proud of his works until today.

Kasem, the bridegroom, was unable to welcome the queen of his heart, and with folded hands he bowed his head under the sharp knife of his enemies, while the partner of his life was left friendless in the hands of betrayers.

Many more might be mentioned, but these are sufficient to show my readers how Mohammedanism began to spread its wings, even in all troubles. The reports of these men's lives are given by them, but we know they are untruthful, consequently the words mean little to us. One thing we can learn from them. If they in their idle hopes were willing to shed the

last drop of blood to push Koran to the front, how much more should we work to carry on the cause of our true God and Christ.

All the prophets and chiefs are thought to be perfect; therefore the Mohammedans mourn the loss of the first ones of their nation who were killed in the highways.

Not only were men killed at that time, but women and children also. Zainab, Patma, the wife of Mohammed, who was the prettiest woman among all his wives, were among those who were slain. Sakna, the bride, was killed afterwards.

Some chiefs from the tribe of Soni which stood against Shia were Abobaker, Shemor, Aosman. Abobaker is known by Soni to be the first one after Mohammed; but Shia says Ali. Every one of them is against the other to carry their teachings ahead, even if both serve the same prophet, but a different set of chiefs.

Abobaker was the man of battle; his wild appearance and red eyes were sufficient to give fear to the young soldiers of Shia. He eagerly watched to shed innocent blood of the young chiefs, only to show his strength and ability; otherwise he did not care very much for religion. He knew Shia were few at that time, and he had the most population.

Shemor, second chief, fellowman of Abobaker, was young but ugly. It is said that he was known everywhere because of his large wavering red ears. He served under the first chief to hold the umbrella above his head wherever he went.

Shia's history does not compliment the chiefs of Soni's tribe, because they were enemies. As I have studied the history of Shia fully, I have written their

sayings. It is impossible for us to see them friends. They have no friendships even in their books, and we cannot please them both.

Oasman was the youngest chief, but obedient to the others, according to their law, for the young must serve the old, even though they be in a higher position. Many more were engaged in that war, but as we do not believe their faith was true, I will not name them, but will mention something of their behavior toward each other.

As we learned, the tribe of Shia left their tents and little ones and flew to the mountains for several days. Soon Soni appeared to rob and kill. Entering the first tent, they found Patma alone, and cruelly abused her. It is said she was taken to heaven from their hands. They took all the valuables and left the tent empty. The same was done at the second tent. When Kadcha saw the enemies, she cried for them to do what they pleased, but not to touch her. Entering the third tent of Zainab, the powerful woman tried to stop her enemies, and save her life and riches, but the men conquered and left her penniless. They marched up and down with bloody swords in their hands from tent to tent, till they came to the tent of Reza, who was old and weak and unable to find a place of safety. He had a large family, and locked the door and kept within the tent. The band of soldiers were eager to kill this man, but they promised not to lay hands on him if he would open the door. On entering the house, however, they saw great quantities of gold and silver, which they took. This did not satisfy them, for they wanted to take his life. On account of their promise they could not do this, consequently they tried to kill his children while he was looking on.

This action, they thought, would awaken the old man's anger, and give them an opportunity to fulfil their desire. One of his daughters was killed before him; the youngest one was tied and thrown in the burning fire. The broken-hearted father fixed his eyes on his beloved daughter, saying: "Do not be afraid, my dear; hereafter you will fly in the most beautiful part of heaven. Whenever we see you there, you will be resting on the arms of your uncle. It is bitter for me to see you suffering in the hands of wicked men. Remember your hope is above. If I die before you, I will rest myself on the golden seats beside my uncle to share the happiness and patiently wait to see you enter the gates of our everlasting home. Take courage for a little time, then you will open your eyes in a happy home where your uncle will wipe all tears away."

The angry men gnashed their teeth in anger when these words were spoken by the trembling man, and the fire was heated over. The aged man was pushed in and burned to ashes; then the ashes were scattered in all directions. To their surprise one hand and his chest were unharmed. It was tried three times, but again appeared just the same. Shia says that because he was perfect and showed sympathy for his daughter. But Soni says because he was so wicked his hand did not burn, which showed that his punishment would be great at the end.

Mohammedans say that it was the same hand that wrote on the wall of Belshazzar. The same hand was taken and carried to a certain place, where it is kept. This place is called a national holy place until this day.

In the evening those who had fled returned. When they heard of the cruelties, it was hard for them to

decide what to do. Death was certain if they waited; and if they went, there seemed little hope for life. Two brothers refuged themselves in a house in Soni's village. They were soon brought out and slain like sheep in front of their enemies. Others were found in different places and killed. Some suffered and died from hunger and troubles; others were taken captive and killed according to the ancient law. The battle lasted for some time, both parties losing a large number of men. From that time till to-day the Mohammedans mourn to remember the first leaders of the nation.

Every morning and evening for a month one of the priests or students will go to a high place, or top of a maschet, and will sing in a sad tune, "Come to the prayer." A band of men and boys, hand in hand, will walk from street to street with sticks in their hands—the leader having a sword—all ready to meet the next band for battle. Each band is divided in two parts, who sing in turn. Some will come sticking sharp instruments into their chests till the skin is turned black and blue, others have chains which they strike on their backs till their bodies are covered with blood. This continues for three days. In the meantime, priests will read stories of the chiefs. Men, women and children will cry bitterly. From the third day to the seventh they take a flag and go round the streets singing. Every housekeeper will give a piece of silk to decorate the flag.

In large towns the company is divided into six parts: 1. Band of music. 2. Flag; a hand of silver or zinc tied on the top of it; this reminds them of the hand in the fire. The flag is also decorated in all colors. 3. Band of reading men. 4. Children on black horses, all dressed in black, and throwing dust on their heads.

5. Band of men with chains. 6. A band of men dressed in white, with swords in their hands, with which they are cutting their heads. A man walks beside each one holding a stick in his hand, with which he prevents them from cutting deeply. They believe that if any one dies on that day he will at once go to heaven. No Christian can be around the streets that day, for they will be killed.

These bands are avowed enemies, and will fight to show how it was in olden times.

CHAPTER V.

PRINCIPALITIES OF THE KORAN.

The book of Koran is divided into two principal parts:

First—The passages taken from the Bible; for instance, John the Baptist prophesied of the coming of Christ, saying: "He that cometh before me, I am not worthy to undo the straps of his shoes." The Mohammedans say that was Christ prophesying of the coming of Mohammed, who was coming after him to be the last prophet. Then in Revelation it speaks of a woman giving birth to a child. She was taken in the wilderness and fed there, and the child was saved from his enemy. The Mohammedans say that this refers to the birth of Mohammed. There are also many other passages which they take as referring to Mohammed.

Second—The fairy land, which gives a picture of the life in heaven; also tells how to live on earth so as to reach heaven. All of these teachings are strictly kept by those who profess to be followers of Mohammed, and especially by those who are seeking to have the spirit of prophecy. They must abstain from all intoxicating drink, as it is forbidden in their law. They must also refrain from pleasures, expensive dress, riches, and must leave all such, and live in the wilderness and eat herbs and wear skin clothing.

There are few who strictly keep these teachings. Others live like Pharisees, and will burden the people

with heavy burdens, while they themselves will not touch work of any kind, but will act cruelly toward the widows and orphans in order to increase their own riches and pleasures. Others will live lonely lives—some in dry wells, eating little and even living on opium and nuts. After a time they will go from place to place with skin on their shoulders, telling stories and singing, followed by crowds who desire to hear their wonderful sayings. When they have been using opium, they can speak more cheerfully, and will find themselves masters and owners of great cities; but this is only during the sweet hour of their own intoxication. They are rich in their dreams, but poor in reality. They, however, continue to smoke until their faces are turned yellow as straw, and there is no strength left in their bodies so they cannot do any work, and their only desire is to get more opium. After they have used it two or three years there is little hope to be freed from the habit. If they cannot get it, they will fall down almost dead, then some one must blow it in the face to keep them alive.

Others will go from town to town dressed in white, with an axe on their shoulders, singing in a low voice, to show that they are coming. If any one asks what it means, they will say, "We have left all, and are living the life of John the Baptist. We will suffer in this world, in order that we may have a better life above." They believe in the resurrection and a judgment day, but say Patma is standing at the gate of heaven, and will allow all the Mohammedans to go in across the bridge of hair, but she will push aside every Christian who goes near heaven. I remember a Mohammedan said to me that all Christians will get lost if they do not believe in Mohammed. They think

that his wife has power to withstand all nations who strive to enter heaven. A Syrian said: "We keep our priests and monks unmarried to have courage enough all together to keep Patma away from her place and allow all Christians to go in, but not the Mohammedans."

This thought is very strong in their heads, therefore, they say, the last thought of Christians is against us. When anyone dies, a piece of wood is placed under his arms, then they whisper in the dead man's ear: You must not be afraid, but stand up and fight against all that is in your way. Their heavenly hopes are to marry fairies and have greater pleasure there than in this world. The dead ones are transported every year to Karbala and buried there, even from far parts of the country; it does not make any difference how far it is, all the bones must be carefully packed in the boxes and tied on horses. Crowds of men every year will take dry bones. It is very pleasant to see them marching towards that place, singing, with flags on their shoulders. If anyone is unable to fulfill the will of his parents and friends by sending their bones to the holy place, he will gather all the bones that he can carry on his back and put them in a large box, and tie them on his back tightly, and walk all the way to that place. Sometimes all bones are crushed and turned to dust, but they will not mind that, if only they can bury the part that is left, they will save their friends from punishment, to everlasting life. Not only will the bones find rest, but the party who has taken them there, will have a name of Kalba or Hagey. If they have seen other national places, happy and comforted they will return back from their visit. Who-

ever meets them, will shake hands and wish to see what they have seen.

Often I met groups of men going towards those visiting places. They were tired and weary, but smiles and cheer were in their faces. They were glad to undo the heavy burdens of bones. Their greatest happiness was to end the long journey, and visit the graves of some of the olden chiefs; also to have an image of clay or a wooden comb to pray on it. Every Mohammedan must have one of these images in his pocket to pray to and to worship. Before prayer every one must wash his hands and face, and wet his toes and head. If necessary to read the Koran, it must be kissed and lifted to the head in honor. The image is then laid before him on a colored piece of silk. The worshipper kneels, rises six times during each prayer, lifting his hands towards his ears, saying: "I am witnessing for Mohammed, the only prophet of God," etc. Three times a day prayers are said; the same thing will be done over and over every day and all the year around. At worship time if there are pictures or other articles on the wall, prayer will not come, so the room must be empty. If a sword or any sharp article is on their body, it must be laid aside, otherwise, answer to their prayers will not come. When traveling, if there is no water in which to wash, they will take dry dust and rub it on their faces and hands instead of water. This is done whenever they want to pray. Often they are seen kneeling in prayer in the streets, on the road, or almost anywhere they may be seen praying, especially during Ramazan, the month of fasting. They are sad-faced and downcast in their appearance, to show they are praying and fasting. Then it is not safe for anyone to speak twice to them.

This fasting is done just like the mourning for their chiefs. They will fast all day and eat all night; will turn day into night, then will say, "We are fasting." If someone is not strong enough to keep it, or he is traveling, then he has to borrow some days of fasting and make up for it when he is strong or at the end of his journey.

Fasting is kept by all who are over fifteen years of age, and is for all the nation. At the end of the fasting they will dye their fingers and toes red, because fasting is over, and it is time for them to be free, and eat as much as they can. Every day before sunset and sunrise a cannon is fired to let them know it is time for fasting and time to eat. At the end of the month, about fifty cannon or more are fired to show the end.

CHAPTER VI.

GOVERNMENT RULES.

Hundreds of kings have ruled in Persia from the time of Mohammed until today. All believe in him to be the only, the last prophet of God, and keep his name in honor.

Whenever a case is brought to the government, at first they will swear by Mohammed and the Koran to do right for their own people, if possible, but not for the Christians and the Jews; consequently, the nations that dwell in that country are crying for justice, but there is none to hear. If a Mohammedan and a Christian or a Jew go to the court of justice, the Christian or Jew will be fined and punished, while the Mohammedan will go free. Such is the injustice and cruelty of the Mohammedans. Often we have a few attacked by armed men who enter houses and take what they like. No one dares to defend himself, for he will be punished for so doing. Some of them, however, are friendly with the other nations, and will ask for drink, even if it is not according to their law. After they leave the house, if any accident happen to them, the house owner is to blame. Sometimes they will fight and murder, or run away with one of a Christian family. They will escape punishment by giving money to the judge. If a Christian should kill one of them accidentally to save himself from their hands, he will be taken to the prison. They will not kill him, because it is said in their law that

they must not cut a Christian's neck; they will ask him to believe in Mohammed to be forgiven. If he says: "I witness for Mohammed to be the last and true prophet of God," and is circumcised, then he will be killed according to Persian law.

Judges are placed in all the principal towns of each district, and power is given unto them to punish every man for his acts. The ground is given to them; this they give to the farmers and all natives to toil, half of everything being returned to the owners. Hard labor and taxes are for the natives; the profits and gatherings are given to the chiefs. The natives have to pay taxes for each member of their families, because they are alive, even if one of them is sick for years or if in a foreign country, the parents have to pay his taxes as long as he lives.

In some parts of the country taxes are paid for growing trees. Every year a certain amount of money is paid for each tree that is grown.

Judges will rule over their sections for some years; then others will be appointed by the king. Every one of them will act cruel during his time, in order to get money from the natives. Otherwise they do not care what is going on in the rough parts of the kingdom. A rich man will buy his life over and over when he is under judgment; the poor have the severest punishment.

Once when one of the judges was called to one of the districts, he said: "I am surprised; every man has two ears and hands and feet. I wonder what kind of ruler has been in this part that people are not punished." The punishment for a murderer is to have his throat cut, or to be blown from a large cannon, or shot while tied to a tree. For robbery and other evil

doings, the hands, arms or ears are clipped off, or to be tied to a tree and ice water poured on his feet, causing intense suffering. Sometimes his nails will fall off, causing his feet to bleed; then he will be kept in prison for a long time. By these cruelties the country is kept in good order. People are not afraid of sin, but of punishment.

Government officers and servants always are seeking to find out cases in order that they may make a living. If some one is called to the judgment, he must send a sum of money for the judge; before he crosses the gates of the court he must pay some money to the soldiers and door keeper, so that they will let him walk in; until he is to face the judge, he must keep his hand in his pocket to give and satisfy all servants and employes who speak for him. If the chief is pleased with his offer he will bid him to have a seat. But if the opposite party has paid more, then the first one has to pay still more, or get the punishment. Sometimes both parties will give their last cent to win, and at last lay in prison, unable to pass the judgment. When the town is small, or if the case is great, red fingered and naked headed priests will join one of the parties to help; but, if, again, there is no satisfaction, they will start for larger towns. Sometimes cases are carried from town to town, till at last both parties have to be present at king's judgment.

Soldiers march from the king's palace to the court house, bands of men dressed in red with canes in their hands, to prepare and keep the streets in order. At length the king sits on a golden throne in picok's image. All stand around him in silence. On his right and left are bands of men, some with swords in their hands, some with guns on their shoulders, some with

ropes and iron hooks in their hands; all ready, whenever the command is given by the king, to inflict punishment. The sight is dreadful. Both parties have to wear tight clothes under their long garments. They are trembling and shaking as they enter the place.

I knew a chief from the district of Aderbajan who went to Teheran to tell the king of the cruelties that were done by the other chiefs in his district. After spending a fortune he enabled himself to be present at the king's judgment. The sight gave him fears and chills. He was asked several questions by the king as to the rules of his district. He bowed and said: "Your honor, I was sick at that time." Many will say: "Whenever I am present at the judgment, I can speak without any fear." But when the time comes, the men of ability are dumb to speak. Therefore, only few cases are known to the king himself. Chiefs and judges look after all judgments. So in far districts of the country, where there are small towns and villages, Kurds and Turks attack caravans and rob; then they will flee to secure themselves in their rocky homes. The government is unable to bring them down for punishment. They do not pay any taxes; nor do they obey any rules, but live a rough life in the mountains.

In the large towns, people live peacefully; there is not a single policeman in the streets during daytime till ten o'clock at night. Thereafter no one is allowed to be out. If necessary to go, he must have a lantern in hand and a soldier to guide him. The party must also know the name of the night, as a name is given for every night and kept in secret from the public, being known only to the police and government officers. If anyone is out at night, he must be

taken for a thief and kept in prison for a time, till he is known to be a good man. That is the only way to keep public order. Sometimes we do not hear of a crime in those towns for a year or more.

CHAPTER VII.

LIFE IN GENERAL.

Every Mohammedan says: "I have my prophet from God. I am in fellowship with those that have spiritual knowledge of the Almighty. I serve the prophet greater than the angels, for the angels were forbidden to enter the presence of God. Mohammed had an invitation to be the guest of God for supper. He went millions of miles from earth to the seventh heaven. No angel or power could do it in a long time. But he flew it in a few minutes. He has power above all; heavenly powers and prophets serve him and bow obediently to his honor. Our chiefs and religious leaders have been holy and perfect on earth, and there is nothing else to blame us for. Our leaders' righteous works have made us free to fly above and eat and drink joyfully in heavenly mansions. So we follow them from the heart. Our home life, our law, our social life are all taken from our books, which are taught and kept faithfully. Therefore, we say, We are the only people to enter heaven."

Boys and girls are sent to school to learn how to read the Koran. During school all will read in loud voices, swinging their bodies to and fro. There is nothing else taught them, beside reading a few of their books. When the time is over, they are seen swearing and cursing to one another. Anyone that gives a present to the teacher will be the first in the class.

The little ones will become worse and worse as they grow to be men. They have no self-respect and do not honor others, but use bad language, because there is none to advise and bring them to the right way. Therefore, seldom do we see among them men of ability and wisdom, because from childhood they have been brought up in the wrong way. They will not travel in foreign countries, nor will they graduate from educational institutions. Few of them have seen countries near by, because their law will not allow them to live with Christian nations. Today their country is very backward. Few of them have ever seen a railroad or steamship; yet they say: "We have wisdom and understanding." If their children could be sent to different places to learn, I am sure, in a little time, that country would equal any other country in the world. But we cannot rebuild their heads and take out all the idle hopes, and give them a little sight in their eyes. Though blind and foolish, they are wise and perfect in their own eyes. They are raised to be farmers and carpet makers. Girls only know how to read the Koran and pray. They will learn how to paint their fingers and toes, and then, with a little knowledge of housework and cooking, are ready to be married.

In ancient times Soni and Shia kept far from one another in separate tribes; but in modern times they are mixed. They must keep silent and not arouse their enemies to anger.

In Persia most of the population belongs to Shia. Most of Turkey is under Soni. Arabia and some other countries of Asia are ruled by both these tribes, however. The writer, being much more interested in the Persians, his heart is drawn to that dreary country

and blind nation; much more to their beautiful climate. The cheerful breezes of the mountains and hills gives beauty to nature and health to all. Salt lakes and snowy districts remind weak humanity of the Creator of nature. Bright summer, with the blue sky and still air give opportunities to study elements of above. Ancient towers and palaces bring back to memory the history of centuries during which great battles have been fought and nations divided. Aged men, with an innocent look in their faces, will compare past and present centuries, surprised at the changes.

During my travels, I was astonished to see natives in good health and long life, but disappointed to see them not masters of wisdom, even not able to get riches out of their mines.

Natives are kept busy making carpets by hand, such as Persian carpets, and cashmeres, which are known to be the best in the world.

Houses and markets are covered with arches from one end to the other, to keep out rain and snow. Most of the people are dark and healthy. The men wear long garments and hats, while the women have black garments covering their body. No one sees their faces and hands, as this is forbidden in their law. The country is mild and beautiful, and all kinds of fruits and vegetables are grown, such as grapes, wheat, corn, rice, tobacco, tea, coffee, etc., etc. Living is cheap and good. The poor can live on a few cents a day. They earn about twenty cents a day. Some of them pay rent, buy food, and are able to save. They have flocks of sheep, camels, horses, oxen, etc. These are used for work and food. There are no railroads, so horses, camels and mules are used to take the place

of trains. Oxen are used to plow the ground and do hard work. They also have such unexpected visitors as wolves, bears, tigers, lions, etc. These animals live in the woods and mountains, and only come down when there is nothing for them to eat in their native haunts. The natives are often attacked by wild animals that come down in the country and villages to hunt for cattle and children. In the summer the natives live on the tops of houses, and during the night a child may be taken by a wolf, even if it is in a high place. That, however, is not done often. During my residence in that country, about two hundred children were eaten by animals.

Some parts of the country are rough and dreary; others are peaceful and pleasant. In most of the wild districts natives are happy and contented. They do not mind fear, but say if we suffer and live cheerfully, it does not make any difference to our upright works. They are not guilty in their own sight, saying, "We Mohammedans are true, and righteous works are ours." If purified, the very foundation is on sand. Whenever they are to be tried, or a question is too hard to be answered, they are ready to deny all and take a shelter under the wings of Takua (the changeful law), as is learned from olden times. Whenever they are under the judgment of punishment, they will take refuge in a maschet, or enter the house of a priest for defense. There is no one in power to take the prisoner out, but his punishment will be changed to forgiveness. Only when a case is strong will armed men use the sword of force. The priests are known to have power to undo and enforce the law. They profess to be the followers of the leader. They also give permission to any man to marry as many women as he can

keep, from one to five hundred or more. Marriage is performed by saying a few words from the Koran. Some will have a wife today and let her go next day; it costs them only a few dollars. Workingmen will have up to seven wives, while rich men will marry as many as he can, and keep them far from one another. But they can never see the women until they are married to them. Whether they get an ugly or pretty wife is altogether a matter of chance. The mother of the young man will go to see if the intended bride has small hands and feet, and then will tell the bridegroom to wait till the time of the wedding.

There is something more curious in the law of marriage. The women believe that everyone of them must be married whether young or old, otherwise, if they die they will be lost; marriage will save the soul. According to that law, a man will have all kinds of wives, some eighteen or twenty years of age, and others nearly as old as his grandmother. That is done only to bring the old under the law of life.

Sometimes he will have children from several of them; then trouble begins. The older one will try to kill or poison the other's child. So every one of them will try to win the husband. Fathers are unable to kiss their own child, for fear he would awake the anger of the others. If life becomes too bitter, then some of them are separated. It does not make any difference to them if they are old, for they will marry someone else, even though they have but a few weeks to live, for they want to die under the marriage license. Many become brides in their old age. Once in every few years they wear the red clothes of a bride. If they are not able to keep themselves on a horse on that day, a man on either side will help

her and walk all the way, and will not let her fall. Money, raisins and almonds are thrown on her head to show the sign of happiness. A water basin is turned upside down soon after she leaves the house of her parents or friends, as a sign of good luck. Guns and revolvers are fired as reminders of that day.

On the opposite side, the bridegroom and his friends stand on a high place, throwing apples at the bride. Soon after a few words are said by a priest (or molah) to witness the marriage, the bridegroom will be able to see the face of his wife. This kind of wedding is done for the young people, or for those that wish to live together till death parts them.

For some reason they consider that woman is not equal to man; therefore, women are not engaged in business except those that have no friends and are poor. Women are not taken for witnesses in any case, but are obedient to men, and are not allowed to speak or associate with other men. She is unable to see male friends of her husband, and to show her face is forbidden. She can only see her father, brother and husband. It is an important rule in their law to take care of the women; they do not allow them to earn their living; they do not want them to gain liberty and speak to strangers, so they keep them at home. But the men work. I wish other countries would follow this rule; then we would not see our young people serving the devil. It also gives an opportunity to lead lives of purity. Girls and young men marry at a very young age, and, therefore, are kept from the streets. If all the rules of the Mohammedans are not correct, there are a few things we can learn from them. Also, I write, not to hate them, but to give a

strong will to our Christians to look after the lost ones. They think they are right; but we must guide then to a better life.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOCIAL DUTIES.

All Christian nations are considered animals by the Mohammedans. No honor or any compliment is given to anyone out of their circle. When they meet each other, they say, "Peace unto you." But on meeting any Christian or Jew, they use a different greeting, to show he is not one of them. They always try to turn people to their own faith. If anyone asks: "How can I believe in your religion, when you do not let me touch your Koran or allow me to learn your worship rules?" they say: "It is our duty to keep away from you as long as you are a Christian, because you are not clean enough to take our holy book in your hands. Confess in the name of Mohammed and be circumcised. Then you can come near us and know about our doings."

Some are different from the others, in that they do not care much for their own teachings. They have lived near Christian families from childhood. Therefore, they are not strict in their own faith. But the men who stand for their nation are those that keep the commandments of the leader; are the men of power and ability in all things. Even royal members cannot work against their will, because they have most of the population under their hands; and if they wish they can destroy all the royal rules, and do what they please. They make the law, and it is forbidden by them to associate with the other nations. When

the English tobacco company bought the tobacco works of Persia, and it was turned into their hands, the religious leaders were afraid that they would be the cause of leading their people near Christianity. It was therefore forbidden by them to smoke, and throughout the entire country that law was kept. None of them could be seen smoking, till the English gave up their management. Whatever is forbidden by them is law and must be kept; if not, it means trouble.

They say: "If we sit in the room with Christians or Jews, and breathe the same air, it will make us unclean. If we touch their clothes or walk on their carpet on a rainy day, they must be washed several times to be clean. If we eat or drink from their dishes, they must be broken or washed several times to be made clean." Whenever there is a rainy day and a Christian goes near them, they must pray and wash to be clean again; or' if someone touches the fruit or food, it must be bought or thrown out; of course, he must pay for it, anyway. Dear reader, just imagine and think if you would like to live in that country. We love God; therefore, we have to work for them and bring them near the Gospel.

They say: "We are not unclean to other nations, but they are unclean to us; therefore, it shows we are right, perfect, and clean."

Only the tribe of Shia have these thoughts. Different tribes that are separated from them are not so strict. The Kurds, fire worshippers, another branch, do not believe they are the sons of Adam, but the children of Satan. All these tribes are sociable and live with Christians and Jews. Mohammedanism is divided into many tribes and characters, but the tribe

of Shia is the worst of all; and they have the greatest population of Persia.

Jews, Armenians and Syrians dwell in that country. There are a good many American and English missionaries working for these nations, but Mohammedanism is the greatest enemy of Christianity. Foreign workers cannot do very well for that belief. This is the nation I have set my heart on, to bring it to the knowledge of the Gospel. Other nations know the salvation and have their own preachers and schools, and also have foreign help for their work, but few have taken the responsibility and interest to work for that lost nation. Indeed, death and danger are before them who enter upon their work, but the love for the poor souls must give us courage to die if need be for the cause of Christ. The dove was sent from the ark, and returned with a leaf. So each loving heart should bring one of the Mohammedans into the ark of God, or at least be a little help to those who have taken responsibility and sacrificed their lives for that service. Otherwise, we are no different from them.

We know they are blind in sin. We know their hopes are idle; also, we can see them stumbling and falling down. Let each one ask in his heart, "What is my duty toward the lost ones?" They are trying to enlarge their multitude of followers. They say the sword is the key of the Kingdom of God. But we say Christ Jesus is the door and shepherd. They kill and make people turn to their faith. But we pray with the lost soul. They are angry and cruel toward us; but we love our enemies. They laugh and shake their heads scornfully at our Book of Life, but we shed tears, pray and minister unto them, to give them bread and water from above.

Of all the nations in the country of Persia, the Syrians are the ones who hear most readily the voice of foreign messengers. In the olden times thousands of them were killed by the Mohammedans for the sake of righteousness. Through perils and fears they passed from country to country to witness the name of God. Even now stones are found in China and Japan in the Syriac language, which witnesses to their faith and trust in the Almighty. At first, when missionaries went to teach that nation, parents would ask for money to send their children to school. After receiving the Gospel, it changed even their faces to be brighter and happier. I am pleased to say, in these times, there is no home without the Bible; nor a family without the worship. They have had many men of the knowledge of theology; many of them have been eager to learn more and more of the wisdom and truth. The samples of manuscript on skins and leaves, of their work, is left till today. The work of their Bible students is known among many nations—how they spent their lives in caves to write and grow in the true life. They had severe persecutions from the Mohammedans; great numbers of them were slain because they taught the Gospel. As Mohammedans grew in power, they tried to stop the truth of Christianity.

The brave soldiers fled to the mountains to save their lives, where they kept their minds busy on the Gospel work, translating and writing books for explanation of the Bible; to make it simple for weak minds of Syrians and Nestorians. They had no desire for pleasures and riches, but were friends of the poor and needy. They were willing to leave all world-

ly holdings and keep in quiet places to prepare for the good service.

The story of St. John has given me great zeal to follow Christian duties, and hope it will be a good example to my readers.

The youngest son of a wealthy family, honored more than his brothers, because of his interest in Christian work; the coming of one who had the desire to visit and worship in holy places, which gave more humble spirit to the young lad. He often visited his friend and learned from him more knowledge of the Gospel. His visits and conversations gave him an idea that his friend spends most of his time at prayer and supplication to God. It touched the young man's heart; he wept at the thought of a new life, saying all the pleasures of this world pass away like the grass of the field. His young heart sighed bitterly for a change in life. Tearfully he asked the prayers of his friend; might God hear the voices of both and give His spirit to comfort his soul. Entering his mother's room, he asked that a Bible be written for him. He studied it for a long time, and committed it to memory. His friend departed, but promised to come back again when his journey was ended in peace. The time of waiting seemed so long that St. John felt as if it would never come.

The news from his friend took the sorrow from his heart. Greeting him, he said: "Your coming is life to my soul."

For days and weeks they lived happily together. As they went to the seashore, St. John threw himself on the ground, saying: "I trust thee in living God; be of a little help to me, and save me from this world; to follow thee and be a brother unto thee, as is my desire

to be a servant of Christ. If thou should refuse me, I am afraid the world will take me to herself, as the will of my parents is for me to be in the world, and live with whom it loves." He, however, followed his friend and crossed the sea, to where his brother had lived before with 753 brethren, who had left the world, and separated themselves from the life of the flesh, to be ready for the good service of their Master.

The chief looked at St. John, and said: "My brother, thou art noble. Our fellowship is more than you can undertake. But, stay with us and see our hardships; then choose for thyself—if to go, or to remain with us." The young man cried, and said: "Ye give strength unto me, because I am weak. By the prayers of you all, let me enter the flock of your Saviour, that He may also be my Saviour.

The 753 united in prayer to ask their God to help the young soldier, who had left all his riches in order to serve God, his salvation. The next six years he grew in the knowledge of the Gospel. But hardships and self-denial changed the beauty of his face. From a happy home and loving parents, he came to live in a small room, poor in worldly goods, though rich in Jesus, to follow the humble example of the King of Kings, who made himself poor for our sake, to be rich in everlasting life.

Some of his boyhood friends visited him but found his former beauty of face and form gone. He said: "I am but dust, and will return to dust." All glorified God for his courage and asked the Maker of all to give health to his body and help to his soul, saying: "Brother, God be with thee, and bless thee according to His ancient law, which kept all who trusted in Him." He answered: "The cause of all this change

is my sins. My cross is too heavy for me. Only Jesus Himself can be my rest and salvation. His yoke will give me peace and comfort."

The enemy of our race worked on his heart, to turn him, and bring to his mind the love of all whom he had left for years. "What do thou want from me? The father of ungodly, I know thy evil will. Thou deceived our first parents and kept them out of Paradise. Remember that Jesus pursued thee. He will be my help and will push thee aside. Thou have turned me to the love of my friends. I will go to them, but thou will be ashamed to not fulfill thy will."

He, however, departed for his home. All were surprised at his noble looks. They praised God for such a great change in his appearance.

They mourned for their dear brother, wishing him to end his journey in peace. They kissed him and blessed him. He lifted his eyes to heaven. "Father, and God of all fathers from beginning. Comforter of all who trusted in Thee. Give me Thy good will, and be with me wherever I go, to please Thee and follow Thee in faith."

He entered the house of his parents, but like a stranger, not knowing any of his friends. In a short time he saw his parents, but they did not recognize him. The sight of so much pleasure gave him sad feelings towards those whom he loved. A little room was given to him by the servants, and he was fed on the crumbs from the table of his parents.

Often his mother turned her face from him; she did not know he was her beloved son; for his sake she shed many tears. He lived four years in the little room. At last he felt the days were near to see his Saviour in glory, and he was under the shadow of

death; that within a few days he might depart for a new life. Then he sent for his parents, and told them he was their lost son, and slept in Jesus.

In ancient times many would leave their homes and live in caves to study. After a few years they would go back, but like strangers. They said, "Our Saviour was rich, but had no place to lay his head. So we leave our riches to follow His example."

Dear reader, you and I can live Christian lives and study our Bible at home. Christ does not ask us to leave all. He does, indeed, ask us to leave all our sins and selfish hearts, to follow Him in greater pleasure, to hear the cry of all who are crying for the bread of life, and to share with Him in all that we have. We can do it while we are at home. Whenever it is His will, go and minister unto them who have not heard the Gospel calls. Then we must hear His voice, because He is for our good, at home or abroad.

CHAPTER IX.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Every individual Christian knoweth Mohammedanism is lost, if not turned to the light of the Gospel. It is a great field for us to labor, and it is dangerous, too. We must ask our Father to send faithful workers for the field, not afraid even of death, to depart them from the love of God. To give their lives for the service of the truth. We must not say, "If God wants to convert the heathen, He can do it without us." You and me are the very persons to do great work in His name's sake. All sons and daughters of the world are suffering for an earthly home. The dark clouds have covered their spiritual sight. Some of them understand the difference between right and wrong; but their hearts are tightly closed. No windows are to be seen for the God's sunlight to turn their night to day, nevertheless. They are in the deep sleep of nature. They will awake when the shadows of death are in their path. Then they will hide their faces in shame for not seeing the glory of the One whom they served not on the earth. Then every one of them will know that the wrath of God is upon them. I can say: "Those who are wise and look upon themselves, are much more worse than the Mohammedans, because they cannot do any better without Gospel agents." All these races of mankind say we are all right, but you and me say they are wrong. By asking some questions and hearing the answers, then we will know

if this class of people are doing right, as between Mohammedan and Christian.

Christian—Good morning, my friend Mohammedan. Where are you coming from?

Mohammedan—I am coming from a visit to my prophet's grave, which is the last prophet, and God spake to him to lead us, his people, in the fellowship of God.

Christian—That Mohammed who slew thousands of innocent Christians?

Mohammedan—He had zeal of his people; and to make his book to be read by all, because it was sent from God.

Mohammedan—Well, Christian, where are you coming from?

Christian—I am coming from the hill of Calvary and grace of God, through His Son, Jesus Christ.

Mohammedan—He was not the Son of God. If he were, no one could kill Him. But He died, and will never be seen.

Christian—He is a king today and forever; there will never be an end to His kingdom; and he is alive forever. Also, He has called us brethren, and all who do not believe in Him will be lost.

Mohammedan—How am I to know He was the Son of God, and died to save all the world, as you say, and raised from the grave, as I have never heard such things before, and gave salvation to all that believe in Him? And you say He is alive in heaven today, and forever; also, you say He will come back again.

Christian—Here is the book, the Bible; read it and see if you have read such a book before. And see life eternal in it. I am sure you will like all His teachings better than Mohammed's. It tells us to be loving,

faithful, true to God, to love our enemies, and forgive all that have sinned against us. Altogether it is full of blessings and life; much more golden crown; welcome whenever we meet Him. He is gone before us to prepare a place for each one that gives Him his heart and calls Him his Saviour. You see, neither your book nor your prophet teaches these truths.

Mohammedan—You do not mean this book will give me life and all that you say?

Christian—Not the book itself, but Christ will give you all these and more. This book is called His Word. If you read it and ask Him to help you, then you will see His blessings upon you.

Mohammedan—Suppose if I believe in Him, can He make me a place in heaven?

Christian—Not only for you, but for all Mohammedans, and other nations. Come, leave your idle hopes; let us call you our Christian brother.

Mohammedan—Dear me, what about Mohammed? If he knows I am going to leave him, he will be angry with me. Then your Christ must be known pretty well in heaven?

Christian—You heard me say He is the Son of God. Himself and His Father are one, and in one will. Both are everywhere. Without their will nothing is done on earth, nor above. Therefore, heaven is His throne, earth under His feet. He is ruler of all and in all. Also very strictly, He says: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." If you will accept Him as your Saviour, He will take care of you according to His promise. You don't need to be afraid of Mohammed whatever.

Mohammedan—I never heard these teachings before. I always thought Mohammed was the only true

prophet. But now I can read and hear. There is no name under the heavens to forgive our sins, only Jesus.

Christian—Will you obey Him and be one of His children?

Mohammedan—I always seek the right religion. I am sure I have got it now. Not only myself will accept Him as my Saviour, but I will work to bring my people in the light of His Gospel.

Each loving-hearted Christian has to think what is his duty to his fellow men. All in the same image, and every one of them has a soul. But hundreds of thousands have never heard the cheerful message of the Gospel. Many are eager after the true light. I am sorry to say, great numbers are dead and dying who never heard a word to comfort their souls; are moving in the depths of the dark world, have ears and eyes, but are powerless in sight and hearing; scattered in all directions, guided by the wrong shepherd. How happy is a shepherd who finds his lost sheep. How happy Christ will be whenever one of these lost souls is brought into His kingdom. It will be done if we open our hearts and preach the unheard Gospel unto them. We must pray for them, and move toward their land, to give them tidings of a new humble shepherd. If the Lord has not called us to His foreign field, we can show our love by helping the others. Then no hand can write, nor no tongue can speak the blessings to those who send the news of the Gospel abroad.

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